

Good Morning

170

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

**Hullo
L.S.
Richard
(TONY)
Tanner—
Greetings
from the
Seven
of Us!**

WHAT a grand spot Oakly Villa is! One of the nicest in Burley, Hants, we thought; a large and well-cultivated garden, a delightful house, and a model farmyard. We arrived just before Michael and Robin got home from school, so your wife showed us the farmyard family first.

Your retriever, Bryker, of course, escorted us around and stood sentry over hatches as we looked at the rabbits. He's just as frolicsome as ever, Mrs. Tanner said.

The boys arrived as we were visiting the ducks and chickens; they were a little sorry to see us at first, because they thought we were going to buy some chicks! But when their mother told them we were there to send a message to you, their eyes sparkled.

Of course, you will have



DAINTY VERA ZORINA

VERA ZORINA is known to most people as a film star, but you can never forget when you see her on the screen that she is essentially a stage performer.

And now this dancer has gone back to the stage to dance the chief part in a ballet which was begun by Fokine, revised by Lichine, and revived by Blanche, who is Zorina's husband. It is a ballet called "Helen of Troy," and has been performed for the first time by the Ballet Theatre of New York.

It has a permanent appeal to satirical dancers and actors because there is no question of morals where this myth is concerned.

HER BEAUTY.

Helen, the daughter of Zeus and Leda, owed her beauty to divine origin, was carried off at the tender age of ten by Theseus and Pirithous, rescued by her brothers, Castor and Pollux, and eventually chose

Menelaus as her husband. When Paris of Troy, with Aphrodite's help, carried off the beauty, her outraged husband launched the ten years' Trojan war to get his revenge.

This new ballet presents a highly modernised version of the wooing of Helen by Paris, who is introduced into her room by Hermes, messenger of the gods.

This Hermes chews gum continuously, and gazes at Helen as she reads a scandalous book. Menelaus is presented as a driving old dotard fit only to be betrayed, and the pretty corps de ballet are dressed in the sheeps' clothing of Paris' flock.

The result is a piece of irreverent gaiety; it reminds everybody who sees it that Zorina, a Norwegian girl who appeared in London in the Leslie Henson production, "On Your Toes," in 1937—is one of the best-looking ballerinas in the world.

heard that Michael has long forgotten his operation and that he is now a picture of health. You can take it from us, he's fighting fit. Soon, he told me, he hopes to join the Boy Scouts.

Robin grows more like you every day, Tony, and he's a great help to his mother. He has taken over the farmyard, and in addition is doing all he can to help in the house. He's recently joined the local Savings Group on the strength of birthday presents.

Your wife is very well and very busy knitting clothes for the boys for the coming winter. "This quiet life suits me down to the ground," she says.

Don't know if we are breaking a confidence, but the family have found some new picnic spots for your next leave. As on that programme is a trip to Worthing.

Guess that's all for now, Tony. But wait a minute—here's a stop-press item!

"Give him all our love, and say we are looking forward to 'The Day.' That message concludes with the signatures, 'Your loving Wife, Robin and Michael.'"

To-day CALL BOY Brings you A FINE ACTRESS; BALLET DANCER

AN insignificant advertisement in a local paper brought Lynn Bari her first chance at a screen career—a goal which she had set for herself in her early teens.

Unable to secure enough tall girls with dancing ability for chorus sequences in Joan Crawford's "Dancing Lady," the studio advertised for them, and Lynn, who is five feet six inches tall, was among those selected.

Since that day this talented young actress has come a long way, and is now recognised as one of the most reliable players in Hollywood.

It was for that reason that 20th Century Fox chose her for a starring role in the lavish Technicolor production, "Hello, Frisco, Hello."

REVEREND FATHER.

Lynn was born Marjorie Bitzer in Roanoke, Virginia, on December 18, the daughter of Marjorie Babcock Bitzer and the Rev. Robert H. Bitzer. But at the age of seven she went to Boston with her family, where her father was offered a new pastorate.

Returning home for the holidays one year, she found the family packing up and preparing to go to California, where her father was to assume the post of head of the Institute of Religious Sciences.

After they had been in Hollywood a few months, Lynn entered dramatic school. Her mother thought this a good idea—not, as Lynn explains, because she wanted her daughter to become a film star, but because she thought that the dramatic course would give her daughter poise and self-confidence.

STUDIED DRAMA.

She studied drama and played her first part before an audience as "Portia" in "The Merchant of Venice." When she got home after the show she told her mother that she had had enough. Her mother agreed.

It was because she had been in the audience, I guess," says Lynn.

However, this wasn't the last time, for she applied with two hundred other girls for the job in a Joan Crawford film and got it.

Lynn didn't really know how to dance, so she was put in as an extra. While working as an extra she took dancing lessons and got another job—this time as a dancer—in "Meet the Baron."

In Meet the Baron she had her first experience in what he said "What's happened," and while the scene was filmed

four times Lynn displayed a fine display of nerves. All she could stutter was something like "Hut's happened?"

After several more films, Lynn signed with 20th Century-Fox and joined the studio stock school of promising young actors and actresses who were being thoroughly trained in dramatics and given experience as atmosphere players and in bit parts.

For two years she studied hard. When she wasn't busy in a picture she worked in screen

her a total of 120 years of bad luck. "That may be true," says Lynn, "but if it's bad luck that I've been having, I'm all for it!"

Next came a series of ingenue leads in increasingly important pictures, amongst which are numbered "Blood and Sand" and "Sun Valley Serenade." Then "The Magnificent Dope," which starred Henry Fonda, Don Ameche and Lynn Bari. Yes, that was her first starring role.

She starred again in the big



TALENTED LYNN BARI

tests, playing parts with other youngsters who had been given a chance to prove their worth.

LIKED FLIRTING.

Then she was given the part of the maid in "The Baroness and the Butler." It was her job to flirt with William Powell, and, believe me," she says, "it wasn't hard to do."

There then followed a part as one of the six featured girls in "Walking Down Broadway." Lynn's part called for her to break twenty mirrors in the picture, which should, according to superstition, have brought

musical hit, "Orchestra Wives," proving her tremendous versatility, and again in "Hello, Frisco, Hello," which is, perhaps, the biggest musical ever produced.

Lynn lives quietly and unpretentiously with her husband, Walter Kane, whom she married in Los Angeles on March 15, 1939.

Swimming and horse-back riding are her favourite sports, because, she says, they keep her figure trim.

MORE NEWS FROM HOME TOWN

GOLDEN SUNSHINE.

TOMATO-GROWERS in the Tamar Valley took out their watches every time the sun shone for an hour, and said, "That's worth a fiver to us."

One grower with 5,000 plants reckoned that a week's sunshine would put £250 in his pocket—but luck was against him, and the golden hours proved too few to bring his big crop of "outdoors" to market. For growing tomatoes without protection of glass is always a gamble, even in the sunny West Country. Many "punters" in the West took a knock this year because of blight.

CHILDREN RING VICTORY.

WHEN Italy surrendered, the bells of St. Peter's, Bournemouth, commemorated the event by ringing a victory peal.

Arrangements had to be made at short notice, but within an hour the Vicar, Canon Hedley Burrows, had suggested that the peal should be rung, a full team of ringers was ready in the belfry.

It included three children—13-year-old Mary Davis and two schoolboys, Andrew Pearman and John Dryden—and 80-year-old Charles Forth, who has been ringing at St. Peter's for over 60 years.

THE "GRACIE FIELDS."

GRACIE FIELDS came South the other day to sing to shipyard workers.

Her visit to a Southampton yard brought back memories to her and to many of the workers. From that yard a few years before the war she had launched a ship—with a song!

For as the paddle steamer, "Gracie Fields," ran smoothly down the slips, Gracie sang the chorus of "Sing As We Go."

The "Gracie Fields"—do you remember her boys, on the Isle of Wight passenger service?—was bombed and sunk during the Dunkirk evacuation. Gracie has several cherished mementoes of "her" ship. When she was in Canada, two survivors presented her with cap bands bearing its name.

Before she left the Southampton birthplace of her ship, Gracie impulsively took off the scarf she was wearing and gave it to a member of the canteen committee.

"Raffle it for some of your lads who are prisoners of war," she said.

Still the same Gracie!

"MARRIED" LUNATIC.

MR. G. K. ROOKS, Superintendent of the Relieving Officers at Plymouth, who retired recently, can spin some amazing yarns of his experiences in the past thirty years. Once he had to go to the Barbican to remove a woman to the asylum.

The lady refused to budge from the house unless he married her!

So with the assistance of the neighbours, Mr. Rooks tore down some lace curtains, which were fashioned into a bridal veil, and with a bunch of flowers placed in her hand, the woman left the house contentedly on the Relieving Officer's arm!



And here's your happy family.

THE VANISHING OF VAUDREY

By G. K. CHESTERTON

DOCTOR ABBOTT was still in his dressing-gown, and wore large flat slippers, which was doubtless why he had come so close to the others without being heard.

He would normally have been the last person for such a light and airy approach, for he was a big, broad and heavy man. His long slits of eyes were rather sleepy, and, indeed, he was an elderly gentleman to be up so early; but he had a look at once robust and weather-beaten. He was the only old comrade and contemporary of the squire in the company that met at the house.

"It seems truly extraordinary," he said, shaking his head. "Those little houses are like dolls' houses, always open front and back, and these hardly room to hide anybody, even if they wanted to hide him. And I'm sure they don't. Dalmion and I cross-examined all yesterday; they're mostly little old women that couldn't hurt a fly. The men are nearly all away harvesting, excepting the butcher; and Arthur was seen coming out of the butcher's. And nothing could have happened along the

"You must be the Judge"

stretch of the river, for I was fishing there all day.

Then he looked at Smith, and the look in his long eyes seemed for the moment not only sleepy, but a little shy.

"I think you and Dalmion can testify," he said, "that you saw me sitting there through your whole journey there and back."

"Yes," said Evan Smith shortly, and seemed rather impatient at the long interruption.

"The only thing I can think of," went on Dr. Abbott slowly; and then the interruption was itself interrupted. A figure at once light and sturdy strode very rapidly, and John Dalmion appeared among them, holding a paper in his hand. He was neatly dressed and rather swarthy, with a very fine square Napoleonic face and very sad eyes; eyes so sad that they looked almost dead. He seemed to be still young, but his black hair had gone prematurely grey about the temples.

"I've just had this telegram from the police," he said. "I wired them last night, and they're sending down a man at once. Do you know, Dr. Abbott, of anybody else we ought to send for? Relations, I mean."

"There is his nephew, Vernon Vaudrey, of course," said the old man. "If you come with me, I'll tell you something special about him."

Dr. Abbott and Dalmion moved away, and when they had gone, Father Brown said simply, as if there had been no interruption:

"You were saying?"

"You're a cool hand," said the secretary. "I suppose it comes of hearing confessions. I feel rather as if I were going to make a confession." Then he said abruptly:

"I believe Sir Arthur has bolted, and I believe I know why."

There was a silence, and then he exploded again.

"I'm in a damnable position, for I am now going to appear a sneak, but I believe it's my duty."

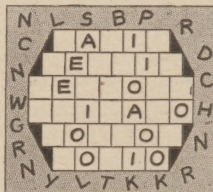
"You must be the judge," said Father Brown gravely. "I'm in the foul position of telling tales against a rival, and a successful rival, too," said the young man bitterly.

"You were asking what was the explanation of Vaudrey's disappearance. I am absolutely convinced that Dalmion is the explanation."

"You mean," said the priest with composure, "that Dalmion has killed Sir Arthur?"

"No!" exploded Smith, with startling violence. "No, a hundred times! He hasn't done

that, whatever he has done. He isn't a murderer, whatever else he is. He has the best of all alibis; the evidence of a man who hates him. It's not likely to perjure myself for love of Dalmion, and I could



Can you, by filling in the blank spaces on this chart with the letters in the outside margin, complete the names of the six largest cities in the world? When you have done this, see if you can place them in their correct order of population. (Answer in No. 171)

swear in any court that Dalmion and I were together all day yesterday, or all that part of the day, and he did nothing in the village except buy cigarettes, and nothing here except smoke them.

"No!" said Smith. "Dalmion is a criminal, but he did not kill Vaudrey. He is a criminal committing another crime; and his crime depends on keeping Vaudrey alive."

"Oh, I see," said Father Brown.

"I know Sybil Rye pretty well," continued Smith, "and her character is a great part

ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

My first is in THREAD, though not in REVE.

My second's in FURLOUGH, yet not in LEAVE.

My next's in ROCK SALMON, not in CHIPS.

My fourth is in VOYAGE, but not in TRIPS.

My fifth is in CAMSHAFT, not in MOTION.

My sixth is in ESTUARY and in OCEAN.

My next's in ALONGSIDE and in LANDING.

My last's not in SEA-LEGS, but in STANDING.

(Answer on Page 3)

of this story. It is a very fine character, of noble quality, if of only too delicate a texture. She is one of those people who are terribly conscientious, without any armour of habit. She is terribly sensitive, and at the same time quite unselfish. Her history is curious. She was left literally penniless, like a foundling, and Sir Arthur took her into his house and treated her with consideration; which puzzled many, for, without being hard on the old man, it was not much in his line.

"But when she was about seventeen the explanation came to her with a shock; for her guardian asked her to marry him. Now I come to the curious part of the story. Somehow or other, Sybil had heard from somebody or other (I rather suspect from old Abbott) that Sir Arthur Vaudrey, in his wilder youth, had committed some crime, or at least done some great wrong to somebody, which had got him into serious trouble. I don't know what it was. But it was a sort of nightmare to the girl at her crude, sentimental age, and made him seem like a monster; at least, too much

QUIZ for today

1. A langspiel is a fire-side chat, a German conversation, a musical instrument, a young salmon, a weapon?
2. Who wrote (a) Adam Bede, (b) Adam Cast Forth?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Tansy, Ragwort, Marzipan, Marigold, Vervain, Periwinkle.
4. Name the Five Great Lakes between Canada and U.S.A.
5. Who said, "Hitch your wagon to a star"?
6. For what names do the initials W. G. Grace stand?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Infallible, Preconceive, Guerdon, Camaraderie, Aztec.
8. About how many English-speaking people are there in the world?
9. Who was Lord Brittlebrains?
10. Correct the misquotation, "Divinely tall, and so divinely fair." Who wrote it?
11. China became a republic in 1892, 1902, 1912, 1922, 1932?
12. Complete the pairs, (a) Murray and —, (b) Ross and —.

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



She's married to a regular guy of a film star (a good-looker, too), and she's attained fame on her own merits as well. If you're lucky, you'll see her in "Strip-Tease Lady." Guess we've made it TOO easy this time—or have we? Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 169: A Nest.

for the close relationship of marriage.

"What she did was typical of her: With terror and courage, she told him the truth. She admitted that her repulsion might be morbid. To her relief and surprise, Sir Arthur took it quietly and courteously, and apparently said no more on the subject; and her sense of his generosity was greatly increased by the next stage of the story.

"There came into her lonely life the influence of an equally lonely man. It was this man Dalmion, of course; and to this day I am not sure how far she accepted him—but Sir Arthur did, although Dalmion was a rival. He received the young man with hearty hospitality. Then Dalmion let slip some chance phrase that the old man 'had not changed much in thirty years,' and the truth about the welcome to Dalmion burst in upon her. All that introduction and hospitality had been a masquerade; the men had obviously known each other before. I wonder what you are thinking."

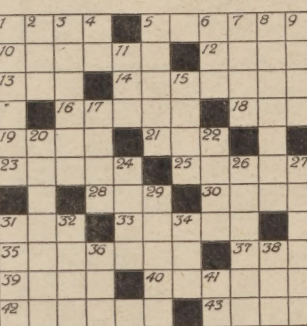
Answers to Quiz in No. 169

1. Fish.
2. (a) Browning, (b) Leigh Hunt.
3. Aquascutum is a waterproof; the others are stones.
4. Sam Weller's, in "Pickwick Papers."
5. Topsy, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
6. 12 m.p.h.
7. Corallary, Gauge.
8. Mt. McKinley, in Alaska; 20,300 feet.
9. Character in "Tristram Shandy."
10. "Double, double, toil and trouble." Shakespeare, in "Macbeth."

"I know what you are thinking," said Father Brown, "and it seems logical. In plain words, you think Dalmion is a blackmailer." "I do," said the other, "and a rotten thing to think, too." (To be continued)

From "The Secret of Father Brown." (By permission of Mrs. G. K. Chesterton.)

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Warted.
- 5 Felt back.
- 10 Select.
- 12 Choir member.
- 13 Coarse stone.
- 14 Round.
- 16 Edible birds.
- 18 Thrifty.
- 19 Light blow.
- 21 Fish food.
- 23 End.
- 25 Iron.
- 28 Horse.
- 30 Famous African river.
- 31 Firm flesh.
- 33 Wheat meal.
- 35 Responded to stimulus.
- 37 Help.
- 39 Subtle emanation.
- 42 Leaf.
- 43 Made by infusion.
- 43 Gruesed.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Nape.
- 2 Triumphant cry.
- 3 Small mug.
- 4 Travel.
- 5 Three hounds.
- 6 Equal footing.
- 7 Glided.
- 8 Incessant.
- 9 Edible sea-fish.
- 11 That lass.
- 17 Poem.
- 20 Drink.
- 22 Food list.
- 24 Malleable.
- 26 Harangue.
- 27 Spaced-out type.
- 29 Mix.
- 31 Snatch.
- 32 Female animal.
- 34 Poem.
- 36 Bird's cry.
- 38 Indisposed.
- 41 What.

LID VARIANT
ANILINE PAW
SUSIE DOVER
DUCKS IN THE
ROE BANT
HETOUR MARY
AGILE COPSE
SAND RUSHED
MIDWINTER
SEESAW

WANGLING WORDS—126

- 1—Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after LEGORIC, to make a word.
- 2—Rearrange the letters of WE MARK TEN, to make a town associated with horses.
- 3—Alter one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: BRASS into BANDS, PLAY into BALL, BAD into EGG, SORT into SOAP.
- 4—How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from PLATINUM?

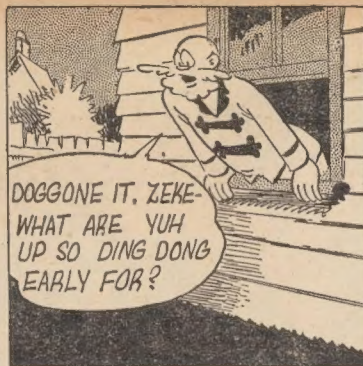
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 125

- 1—MAMMA.
- 2—NEWTON ABBOT.
- 3—GOLD, GOAD, GOAT, MOAT, MOST, MUST, DUST, RISE, RILE, RILL, FILL, FAIR.
- 4—BEARD, BEARS, BEATS, BOATS, COATS, CHATS, CHAPS, CLAPS, SLAPS, SLATS, SLATE, SLAVE, SHAVE, SHOPS, CHOPS, CROPS, CROSS, CRESS, CREST, CRUST, TRUST.
- 5—Flag, Golf, Flog, Floe, Came, Mace, Male, Lame, Meal, Game, Fame, Foam, Cage, Foul, Loaf, Loam, Foal, Gale, Glue, Cafe, Face, Calm, Fuel, Gulf, etc.
- 6—Camel, Flame, Gleam, Mogul, Cloam, etc.

JANE



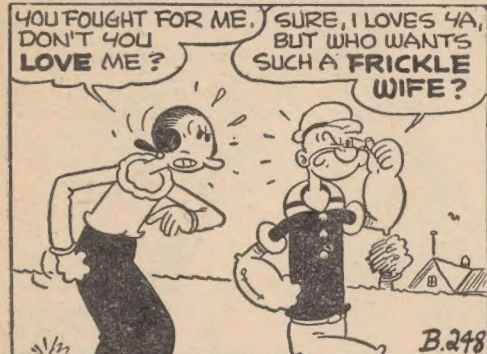
BEELZEBUB JONES



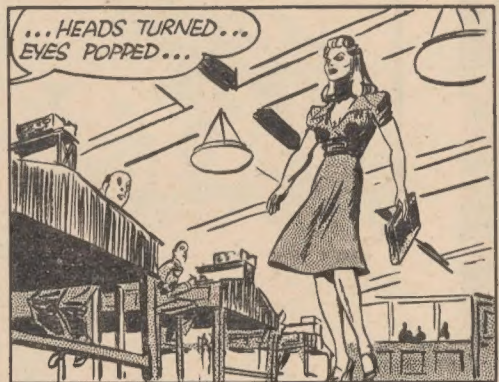
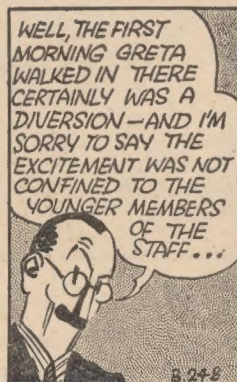
BELINDA



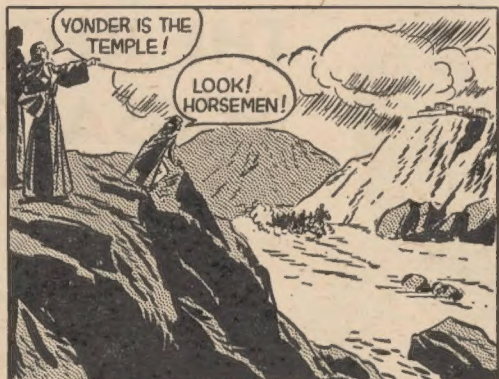
POPEYE



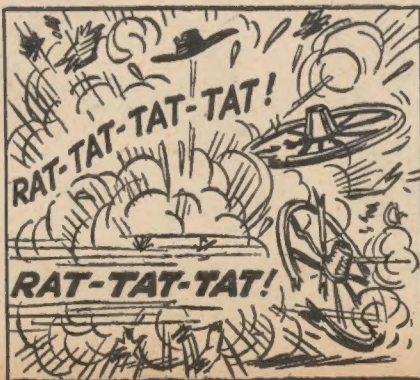
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Argue this out for yourselves

BREAD AND BEAUTY.

IN the brave new world which is being planned for us I should like to see some vision of the fact that man does not live by bread alone. The lack of beauty in the lives of the people, so poignantly felt, but so inarticulate, the lack of that comeliness in their surroundings which has so civilising an effect upon character, is ignored by Governments, and is largely the cause of social discontent.

Sir John Martin-Harvey.

THE NEXT FIFTY YEARS.

DURING the next fifty years the entire Christian world will have to be engaged in fighting the anti-Christ and the materialism that threatens. The unhappy division between branches of the Church should cease, for there is very little difference between them except in the form of government, and there is no reason why they should not work together now more closely.

Lord Atkin.

RANK-AND-FILE CRITICS.

UNTIL the validity of the criticisms which the rank and file of our peoples make of the social structure is fully recognised, there will be no peace or dignity in this realm, and we shall be condemned during this period of reconstruction to the same fruitless impotence as characterised our political history before the war.

Quintin Hogg, M.P.

MEAT OR POISON.

WHAT is one man's meat still remains another man's poison. What is a square meal for one person is less than enough for another, and more than a third may require. The difference is probably due to as yet undiscovered secrets of individual internal chemistry. But for this reason generalisations about nutrition and family incomes can only at best be approximately valid.

H. H. Bashford.

THE UNCOMMON MAN.

WE are witnessing so much lip-service paid to the Common Man; and though I hope the Common Man is going to get a good deal of more useful commodities, I see no sense—historical or ethical—in the disparagement of the Uncommon Man.

Paul Bloomfield (author).

EDUCATION.

EDUCATION should no longer mean the brief ten years spent on the school benches. The erroneous idea that school and university can, or should, complete anyone's education should become as dead as the dodo. No State programme of education should be regarded as complete unless it has included, for instance, an adult education scheme which has, as it were, grown out of the younger schemes.

G. Malan (Johannesburg).

DEMOCRACY.

DEMOCRACY is at present the recipient of many flowery compliments, and a dose of sharp criticism may be prophylactic against swelled head.

Willoughby Dewar.

Laugh with Shaun MacAlister

Doctor: "Now that I've set your husband on his feet again, you must see that he gets more exercise."

Patient's Wife: "All right, doctor. This bill of yours will help. He certainly will be exercised when he sees it."

Jones: "You weren't at the barber's to discuss the war with us this morning."

Smith: "No, I get tired of all that chin-up-chin-wag."

Jones: "Humph! Just a fugitive from a chin-gang."

First Soldier: "Where are you heading for to-night?"

Second Ditto: "Going out on manoeuvres."

First Soldier: "Ask her if she's got a girl friend for me."

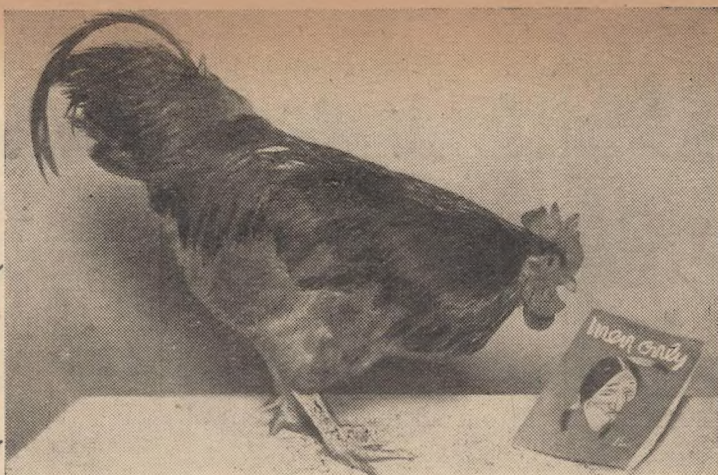
Solution to Allied Ports.
HOLYHEAD.

Send your Stories,
Jokes and Ideas
to the Editor

Good Morning

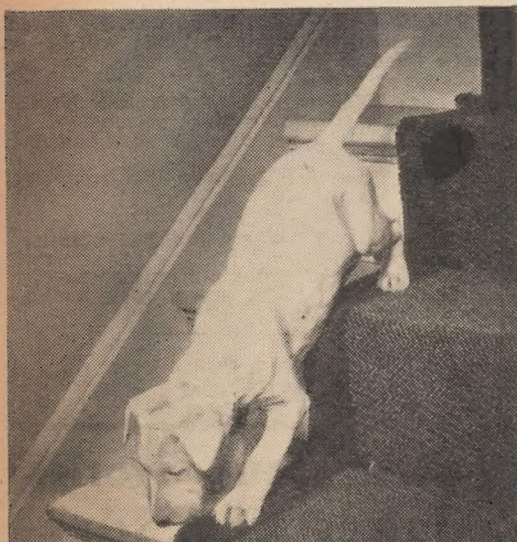
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C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

"Well, I reckon I know pretty well all the answers, but maybe there's still a few hints which might help my technique."



This England

A cold leafless day with heavy sky, but even the reflected clouds have a silver lining.



"How was I to know it was master's bedroom, and how was I to know that he wasn't alone?"



THE RECIPE'S 'EGGSACTLY' RIGHT!

"Ah me, only one egg. Never mind, daddy will be pleased when he knows that I put my breakfast into his cake."

"Speak up, sailor, I can't hear you." Is that what Barbara Stanwyck is saying, or is the Paramount star taking a peek just to make sure she has heard correctly?

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Boy do I feel peckish?"

